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# Forgotten



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Chapter 1 by EmeraldSprinkle

Okay, so before we even start, there's a few things you have to know for this to make sense. So, to start out so you don't get confused, I am human at first sight, yet I carry the blood of a twitechi, a somewhat demonic elven species that tends to be very mischevious and teasing. Twitechis are very skilled in anything having to do with technology such as; hacking, programming, fixing etcetera. Do we kill? Well, not normally. Most of the time we just enjoy teasing and messing with peoples' minds, but, if threatened or annoyed to a certain point... Then yes, we can kill and will kill and can be one of the most dangerous species in existence. Well, now that that's settled, let's move on. Well, let's see... Oh, wait... I haven't told you my name yet? Oh... How could I forget? Heh... My name's Xion Shadow. I'm actually 86,390 years old, but I'm stuck looking like an annoying thirteen year old. In case you were wondering, no, twitechis are not immortal, however, they do normally grow to live about a few hundred years or so. The oldest twitechi to live was 423 years old and had the appearance of a 23 year old. So, you want to know how I came this far? Lived this long? Well, my story starts before I was even born. My mother, who was a Twitechi, was forced out of the alternate dimension, Itzumizi, land of Twitechis, and came to the human dimension. She met my father there and fell in love with him.

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testing and experimenting on strange species, took me from my home. I was too young to remember much, I was only a few weeks old, but I was told my mother and father were forced to death. I was told there was a big crowd, standing, watching, as the beasts from Akri sliced my parents' throats, holding their heads high up, as everyone cheered. But, as I was taken away to the experimental facility, though I thought it was due to my species that I was taken away, It wasn't. It was because of my potential for magic. I didn't know it then, but my magic could destroy the whole dimension. They only observed and examined me at first, but when I turned three years of age they began giving me shots. The needles were as big as my fingers, if not bigger, and they kept doing this, and the needles only continued to grow in size. By the time I was five, they were experimenting and testing on me more than ever, beginning to include electrocuting me and performing minor surgeries on me. My magic began to get out of control, and both the doctors and wizards could see it clearly. The minute they saw the dark shadows form around me, when I was of the age of ten, they threw me into a cell and me up against a wall, making sure to add multiple locks on each chain. The tests and experiments began to get worse and worse. Needles grew to double the size of my fingers, minor surgeries turned into risky and life threatening surgeries. I cried myself to sleep for as many years as I could remember due to all the many times I had been electrocuted, gone through surgeries, and gotten shots, all in one day's time, and all without proper medical supplies. One year passed, and I was eleven. I had gone through more pain than any human, twitechi, or any species, could ever imagine. It was my birthday, they dragged me into surgery against my will and performed a very dangerous surgery. Ten minutes into the surgery one of the wizards accidentally plunged the scalpel straight into my heart, as he was untrained for the surgery, yet was allowed to perform anyway, for reasons I don't know. I immediately escaped from my dreamless sleep and plunged straight into an area of complete darkness and solitude. I cried out, but no one replied, there wasn't even an echo. And then, a young girl, who looked about a year older than me, appeared. She looked a bit odd, I thought. She had very short, jet black hair, styled wildly, flaming orange-red eyes, and she wore a robotic mask, which covered half of her face. She was a twitechi, I could tell, but she also looked slightly human. That's when I realized she was just like me... Exactly like me. But, how? I wondered that for a while, thousands of years actually, before

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sure I would be okay for the rest of my life, never let anyone hurt me, and wrapped me in her cloak, comforting me. I noticed a tear roll down her cheek as well as she continued to comfort me as I cried my heart out. She told me that when I woke up, two years will have passed in the real world, though it may not seem like it while in this world. She stood up and took a step back, before seeming to dissolve into thin air and disappear. I jolted awake, still dressed in the same dark gray sweater as before, my hair still tied into two loose braids. I curled into a ball crying in the corner of my cell, not caring that I was unchained, not caring about the wizards and doctors all around me, not caring about anything. That is, until something, or someone, inside me told me to kill them. Kill them all. Destroy them. That's when I realized I was unchained, nothing to stop me. I could get out of this facility, and I was going to get out of the facility. Something inside me snapped and I jumped up, and suddenly was floating in the air, surrounded by dozens of knives, levitating at either side of me. "Go!" I yelled, balling my fists in anger, naturally curling up. I caught a glimpse of myself in the broken mirror, across the room, realizing that my eyes were blazing orange. I gasped, shocked. The voice in my head again repeated my chance. I snapped back to attention, just as the knives plunged forwards, piercing through the skin of the people who had tortured me to the brink of death for countless years. A smirk of victory slowly crept up onto my face. I had done it. I had killed the people who had hurt me the most. I was free. I could finally see the world for the first time in my life. I slowly floated back down to the ground and walked over to the corpse of the head doctor. The cause of all my suffering. The one who had conducted the experiments, ordered the surgeries, forced the shots. He was dead. I pulled the knife, which had landed right in his back, out of his corpse. I clutched it tightly in my hand, cherishing the moment. The moment that would change my future. My life. It was finally over. All the pain, all the suffering. I slowly walked out of the facility, still carrying the knife. I grabbed the keys off of the belt of the dead guard and shoved the huge key into the lock. I shoved the heavy doors open and finally saw the world. I walked out of the facility, not even bothering to shove the doors closed.

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